OBSIDIAN COMETS

Poems Sent into the Cosmos & Astral Realms

- Brian Edwards

1.

Where Shadows Appear :

You are no illusion of time
nor are you
but a reflection
in the mirror of a sage
you are two eyes
that haunt me
in the darkness
lips that kiss
and poison my favorite flowers
the serpents
consider you a goddess
the crows ..... a Witch Queen
you are no illusion
of the hourglass
nor of the ballerina figurine
your essence may be felt
and realized
in many ways
and in many places
where shadows appear
and prevail over the light

***

- 2/16/2025

2.

I have spent this night
out on my balcony
listening to the stars singing
though one might believe
that we are strangers
to each other
we have never been
strangers to each other
from my very first
breath in this world
to my very last
the stars and I
have known each other
and on my balcony
I listen to them singing
in remembrance
of our fellowship

***

- 2/16/2025

3.

The Cold Wind :

When you left
you did not say goodbye
but you left
a thousand memories
burning like fires
in a dark nightly forest
in my own dreams
I thought I might
find escape
yet you found me there to
your reflection
is always there
day and night
like a black Sun
like a crimson Moon
when you left
you did not say goodbye
perhaps because you knew
that in my heart
and mind
you would never leave
perhaps you knew
that a man
can be haunted
in many ways
perhaps you knew then
that your voice
would always find my ears
carried upon the cold wind
always and ever
upon the cold wind

***

- 2/16/2025

4.

At last I am shown
the way forward
yet I cannot walk it yet
my feet are bruised
my flesh has been pierced
by worldly thorns
yet at last
I am shown the way
it is only
a matter of time
before I embark on my journey
in a twilight hour
of azure and orange sky
or a sunrise
of bursting yellow radiance
it is only a matter of time
the hour and the day
of my journey forward
is already chosen
I myself do not know
when it is
the sky will reveal it to me
when my eyes behold it
I will finally know

***

- 2/16/2025

5.

I am a painter
that paints with moonlight
when the skies are clear
and the stars are out
I am inspired
when the celestial choirs
are heard
when the rings of Saturn
are aglow
I can hear the muse
whispering in my ear
I am a painter
with the moonlight I paint
landscapes and seascapes
flower arrangements
and city scenes
when the skies are clear
I fill my chalice
with the light of the stars
and paint with the light
of the Moon

***

- 2/15/2025

6.

And as quietly
as I go
there will be thunder
heard off to the west
in the late hour
yet I will cross
the fields in darkness
the rain of summer
is no stranger to me
I will move
in the direction
of the thunder
I will move
towards the lightning
and all that it reveals

***

- 2/16/2025

7.

I awoke
perhaps a little too soon
yet the world demands
my presence
at a particular place
at a particular time
I try to shake off sleep
yet it does not go easily
it clings to me
as I look out my window
and behold
such a sunrise in the east
my presence is demanded somewhere
I must not pretend
that time is like a river
though time is like a river
flowing and flowing
out to the bigger sea
the sea is like
all time that has ever been
to which the river flows
the river that is as time is
naturally flowing
gracefully flowing
as the Sun rises

***

- 2/17/2025

8.

This winter in particular
seems to have
so much cold wind
to unleash upon us
I cannot fathom why
perhaps an arrangement
has been made
between the sky
the sea
and the mountains
perhaps we needed
to feel so much cold wind
for some cause
some reason
we do not yet understand
the reason
is elusive to me
yet the cold winds
of winter are not
and so I count the days
until spring arrives
perhaps only then
will I realize
and understand at last

***

- 2/17/2025

9.

I have seen them again
the islands in the sky
where palm trees sway
in a breeze
above the clouds
where dreams
have materialized
in the heavens
when our radios receive
the songs of anointed choirs
when the sea and the sky
cease to be separate
atmosphere and waves
blended together
like colors
on a painter's palette
and far off in the distance
a familiar city appears
from out of the sun-glare

***

- 2/17/2025

10.

I laugh
at this current lack
of symmetry
yet I would also laugh
if it were overflowing
in abundance as well
and I often see
the streets of Rome
when I look
into the morning fog
I often find myself
hearing flutes playing
when it looks like
the sky has been painted
here we are
where and when
the statues stare at us
with crazy eyes
here we are
far from where
the eagles fly

***

- 2/18/2025

11.

It is a somber Autumn
is it not
nothing glows
with much vibrancy anymore
and the leaves
have mostly changed color by now
we are awaiting
the frost
the cold wind
its arrival is imminent
we feel as if summer
is a hundred years away
as we look upon calendars
with distain or mistrust
the seasons scatter their omens
like seeds cast upon the dirt
we will awaken one morning
and feel winter's harshness
we know that we
can do nothing
to change this
we dance with fate
even when we feel
too weary to dance

***

- 2/18/25

12.

In the winter
I find
that I sometimes dream
of a solitary flower
alone
on a deserted island
surrounded by
a calm sea
of the morning
I do enjoy
when I dream this dream
and I often wonder
why it is
that it visits me
so often
on those cold nights
of winter

***

- 2/21/2025

13.

I'm not really
trying to see
yet the eyes
see what they see
the gondolas there
emerging from the sunlight
the ancient city
that sleeps
slowly awakens
the cycles beginning anew
the world has turned
and it is back
to where the sunlight inspires
on this day
on this day
like so many others
I crown coffee
the king of salvation
and the gondolas
look so lovely
out there on the water
at dawn

***

- 2/18/2025

14.

I am out here singing
in the morning light
I sing with the birds
as the birds proceed in doing
what the birds
have always done
since the very beginning
of their time
on this blue sphere
in the Cosmos
as I watch the sunrise
as I watch
this particular sunrise
it is as I now possess
the memory
of countless sunrises before it
within this light
there is light of the present
and light of the past
a light that still shines
from the very beginning
it is still there
it still shines
able to reach us
those of us
who do enjoy
singing along
with the morning birds
every now and then

***

- 2/18/2025

15.

The muse
sings to me now
sings to me
of violet skies
sings to me
of radiant stars
of bridges
that can be crossed
from one world
to another
the muse sings
the muse sings
to me now
in the morning light
that shines across
the great valley
that shines down
upon the sea
the muse sings
and the birds
fly away with her words
spreading across
all corners of the globe
in the morning light
that shines today
and in the morning light
that is yet to be seen

***

- 2/28/2025

16.

Life can be
a slippery slope
that's how it can be
when I feel it
becoming too much
I head down to the sea
I go there and watch
the breaking waves
I go there and simply feel
the ocean's timeless ways
when I need to
fix my nerves
I go down to the shore
and there I know I'll find
the cure I need and more
and then I'll be
singing away
singing away
the rest of the day
down along the sunny coast
where all of this life
makes sense to me the most

***

- 2/18/2025

17.

I sit
I sit alone
I sit underneath the tree
made of stone
and then I fly
fly like the sparrow
fly like an arrow
and then I drift
drift like a reed upon water
I drift and drift
in the stream of time
that can never be obtained
I drift.... through this time
not alone
there are many others
who are drifting
in this world where a few
perceive a piano melody
carried upon the wind

***

- 2/19/2025

18.

As I sit here
on my front porch
among the flower pots
that seem ancient
the wind chime becomes
a Delphic oracle
each chime
is a hidden prophecy given
it seeps into
my subconscious mind
when the time is right
it will awaken
within me
and be revealed
I will possess knowledge
of much importance
only no one will believe me
because so little
is spoken of anymore
that carries the weight
of a Delphic oracle
the world is too far gone
in its own complacency
it does not
give much credence
to the prophecies of old men
sitting on front porches
among flower pots
that seem ancient

***

- 2/19/2025

19.

I sing to the ocean
as the Sun rises
over this corner of the Earth
my voice skips
upon the waves
perhaps reaching Portugal's shores
I could not say
the ocean will reveal
such things to me
in its own good time
as the sky grows brighter
and the seagulls take to flight
this stretch of New Jersey shore
is my sanctuary
from all the world
that lies beyond
it is sunrise and I am here
singing my song to the sea
and in turn I listen
to the rhythm of the waves
in this rhythm I begin
to sense the vastness
of the Atlantic before me

***

- 2/19/2025

Walking alone
into the fog
disappearing in Timbuktu
feeling a bit out of place
but then wasn't I always
seeking that lifestyle
that mindset
that makes me feel content
walking along the edge
of an epiphany
seeing and feeling
its glow
but not quite
realizing it
still reminiscing too much
about Timbuktu
changed forever by a place
a moment in time
feeling blessed
feeling blessed
by a chance encounter
with the Moon

***

- 2/19/2025

21.

They say that our Sun
is not even
that big of a star
let that sink in
the next time
the sunlight
is shining through
the windshield
at a traffic light
and I'm guessing
that some day
the nature of time and space
will have a secret to tell
once the proverbial apple
falls from the tree
and hits a skeptic
on the head

***

- 2/19/2025

The morning Sun
shines its poetry of light
over the tops of trees
and down the cold streets
of this February
in the great sea of time
as those that are awake
go forth
to make of the day
what they can
while those still asleep
reside a little while longer
upon the shores
of the dreamworld
if the poetry
of the morning Sun
does not find them this day
it will find them
upon another
as birds gather
in the tree branches
singing to the blue sky

***

- 2/20/2025

23.

I do not see this disorder
as only disorder
I see it as time's breath
upon the sandy shore
and the salty sea
I see visions out there
where Sun touches wave
in that glaring sparkle
can be found
can be seen
a horizon that extends
far beyond the Earth
a timeless magic
weaved into the tapestry
of each moment's
ethereal and elemental form
in truth.... I see order here
I hear music
a symphony of clouds

***

- 2/20/2025

Listening to the silence
of the Moon
remembering the voice and the face
of an old flame
time had parted us long ago
and I am partially within
the dreamworld now
yet still mostly awake
I am able to shift between
conceptions of different realities
there is a bat
circling the streetlight close by
it is drawn to the light
searching for Nirvana
and I am still listening
to the silence of the Moon
I to am searching for Nirvana
going into the dreamworld
a little more now
hoping to find it there
that place where the Moon
is full of music and poetry

***

- 2/23/2025

The forms are here
all the forms are here
the ways and means
to conceive of
the most eloquent riddles
paradoxes will be examined
and most all of them solved
revealed in their
hidden simplicity
by means of an esoteric form
of mathematics
vivid dreams
will sneak into our minds
at the dinner table
and at local cafes
we will sense that something
has changed in a big way
as the coyotes
are out there prowling
as the ravens sleep
as vampires emerge
from dark unexpected places
we did not believe
in such things
when we were younger
modern society
tries to keep us
ignorant about many things
we'll go wander
through the valley
of the obsidian sunflowers
then we'll build
a campfire
drink wine
and tell stories
of the old days
that still enchant us

***

- 2/21/2025

A bird
is out here
in the forest
singing rather loudly
it's as if
it wants to be heard
by all the world
even though
it is hidden
from the world
out here in the forest
the best world
if you ask me

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

Sometimes
the world tries
to steal your soul
to further
its worldly ambition
if this should happen
you must steal it back
ideally at a moment
when the world is distracted
perhaps at a moment
when it's looking
at itself in the mirror
this probably happens
very frequently
when it does
seize the moment
and take back your soul

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

The flowing
of the Mullica River
sometimes reminds me
of the flowing of time
what was
what could have been
what is still yet to be
is reflected
in the flowing river
intermingled
with the reflection
of clouds
trees ..... and the morning Sun

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens

Saturday morning
out here
by the flowing river
a muse is out here
disguised as a songbird
sunlight touches
the flowing river
as does the Moonlight
when I am not around

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

So I do
So I do
see the magical city out there
there just beyond
that row of trees
out there
on the other side
of the river
sometimes I feel
that I could fall asleep out here
and enter
the river's own dream

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens

31.

I dance when you dance
and sing when you sing
conjurer on moonlight mirages
I follow you down
the hidden paths of night
searching for
a shining philosophy
for an alchemy of roses
beneath bright constellations
I will follow you
as you see a vision.... a mirage
of the flowing Nile
with astral wings
we shall soar
up to the moonlit clouds
all the timepieces
in the world
cannot hold us back
nor bring us back
to the drudgery
of modern normalcy
if we are mad
we shall be joyfully mad
we shall hear celestial choirs
when others only hear
the night owl

***

- 2/21/2025

32.

I am waiting
for the Sistine Chapel
to appear in my living room
I went on a journey
through the night
and before the sunrise
I discovered that such a thing
was feasible
I know that eternity exist
and that it has
an extravagant cloak
I have seen
many fascinating flowers
that I hadn't seen before
in the dreamworld
we can find
a tiny bit of our destiny
in the sunrise
atmosphere of shining light
mirages taking on solid form
becoming more than mirages

***

- 2/20/2025

33.

The government is wisest
when it admits
it is not wise
and such moonlight
falls upon the flowers tonight
it seems I can
see the world
through the lens
of a first time seer tonight
as our beautiful wishes
and our aspirations ascend
eventually ..... I will sail
upon the galleons
that sail to the very edge
of the known world
I will hurl
a message in a bottle
into the void
only I know
what the message says
until it is found someday
washed ashore upon
a distant world
found and read by one
who seeks the clarity
of a truer awakening

***

- 2/22/2025

34.

I am telling you
what the ocean said to me
word for word
each line was breathed
of salty air
I myself am merely
visiting this world
I am from an astral world
of radiant ..... glaring snow
in my world
there are weights and measures
being tossed about in the winds
there are islands
of the purest ..... brightest light
amidst seas of ice
here in your world
I can listen to your ocean
and hear it speaking
its voice is that of salt
and memory of storm clouds
if you wish it
I can transcribe
its eloquent verses
I can relay to you
what your ocean
has been saying to you
through the mingling
of its waves with the winds
through its swaying motions
when the Sun
is at just the right degree
in the yonder above

***

- 2/22/2025

35.

I am not
walking upon air
the very essence of eternity
grounds me
I do not seek
the hopes of dreams
I cast into the Sun
I walk upon
the bright beach sand
I feel it erasing
the memories
I do not want or need
I behold the horizon
through a spyglass
I see a realm there
that is the distant future
we are moving
ever closer to it
hour by hour
yet it still remains
elusive and so far away

***

- 2/22/2025

Her dark eyes
were like
a storm at sea
that I was cast into
I have been
washed ashore
each day of my life
ever since

***

- 2/23/2025

37.

Once time brought me
a vase of flowers
I said thank you
and wandered off
towards a solar eclipse
time caught up with me
the next day
as I was alone
out in a desert
and handed me
a single orchid
I said thank you
and wandered off
towards a horizon
of stars

***

- 2/23/2025

39.

The infinite night
is upon us
as we gather roses
the infinite night
is a star's dream
made reality
in the infinite night
the Moon will appear
as an oasis of our longing
in the infinite night
shadows will whisper
into the ears of lanterns
in the infinite night
wolves will howl
from hour to hour
in the infinite night
the green grass
will be replaced
by the withered plateau
in the infinite night
serenity will be found
when our thoughts
drift towards
the constellations

***

- 2/23/2025

40.

Out here by the ocean
a clearer perspective
comes into view
the ocean often has a way
of giving you
a more accurate sense
of placement
each wave
that washes up on the beach
is telling you something
eventually
you will learn to listen
it will become
second nature to you
in its own good time
and each sunrise
over the ocean
that you behold
will be like a photograph
that you keep
and carry with you
down the many roads
of your life

***

- 2/24/2025

Something out of nothing
may arise
if the conditions are right
if the tide is high
if the Moon is full
and glows
with a pale tranquility
something out of nothing
may arise
may bring wonder
to an isolated field
a small village
a ship at sea
when things line up
just right
miracles can appear
like butterflies
on a summer's afternoon

***

- 2/24/2025

42.

Alas this fallen snow
is but the season breathing
in the way that it does
savor the sight of it all
paint it now while you can
if you're a painter
alas this fallen snow
is the tapestry
of the season
let it enchant you
if you are one
who is still able
to be enchanted
take notice of the details
of the individual snowflakes
on your windows
each one
is a unique form
of what the season
has imagined

***

- 2/24/2025

I have seen the gibbous Moon
ascend brightly
over the silvery meadows
when a dream vapor
drifts in the air
I have seen it
through all the obscurity
the lantern flame
of that ancient poetry
light that holds within
light that carries outward
the essence
of that ancient mingling
that ancient sacrament
of words and visions
when we read the words
it's as if we exhale
a sacred incense
into the night
that is full of memory
and wonder

***

- 2/25/2025

44.

I fly with
the armada of swans
towards the bright Full Moon
up there in the heavens
an oasis of tranquility
as the vast sea of stars
sparkles tonight
I fly with the swans tonight
and let go
of my worldly concerns
as orchestras are playing
across the cosmic radio
as tulips are growing
upon the plateaus of Mars
I fly with the swans tonight
I fly with the swans
to the shores
upon the Moon

***

- 2/25/2025

45.

Field of stars
I walk amidst
your nebula grass
gathering orchids
for my vase of coral
immaculate cradle of creation
field of stars
you are a dream
dreamt by many
realized in beauty
and starlight
field of stars
you are the beginning
of new worlds
grassy sea of cosmic time
enchanter of the enchanted
here where roses last
for a billion years

***

- 2/25/2025

Candle in the Moonlight
candle in the fog
candle in the snow
candle in the twilight
how you seem
like every pleasant dream
I've ever had
in a single flame
and it amazes me to know
that your world
and my world
are the same
candle of the dawn
you bring sanctity
to the new day
candle of the ocean
you are the one
I always follow
a perfect point of light
amidst waves

***

- 2/25/2025

47.

Upon this night
the roses
are reaching for Venus
upon this night
the orchids
are reaching for Neptune
the tides roll in
and then roll back out
something of the essence
of Moonlight
washes ashore upon the beaches
tonight I am the same man
upon this night
the starlight
has caused a change in me
when I hear
with my own ears
the music of the Atlantic
upon this night
when flowers are reaching
for worlds beyond

***

- 2/26/2025

48.

Last night I experienced
an avalanche
of my own thoughts
the mind was as
a raging sea
in the North Atlantic
waves crashed over
the weathered boards
of old docks
for so long lashed
by temperamental weather
such was my mind
a tempest
where magicians and alchemist
performed their crafts
and played their flutes
in the howling winds

***

- 2/26/2025

49.

Now in this summer
now upon this night
when the flowers are touched
by the light
of celestial candles
this starry summer night
the clear sky
of this summer night
is a sanctuary
away from the confusion
of all worldly commercialism
upon this summer night
when the stars greet us
with their brightness
I go along
as I go along
as the summer breeze
sways and guides me
I go along
content and pleased
upon this summer night
under the heaven's candles

***

- 2/26/2025

50.

Those battles of the mind
I've been
in my share of those
voices strafing me
like World War I biplanes
like The Red Baron himself
in fields of grass
and dandelions
yet the pale Moon
would always seem
to sing pale sonnets
in pale Moonlight
when the stars were out
and back in the day
I would fill trash cans
with empty beer bottles
bracing myself
numbing myself
to go up against
The Red Baron
in the fields of spring
when my mind
felt like the Western Front

***

- 2/27/2025

I don't need it
I don't need any of that
the alarm clock disturbing
my dream reality
I choose to remain
in this reality
of obscuring mist
I choose a new day
in a new land
not another redundant day
in the same old land
I want to see iguanas
on my kitchen table
I want to see parakeets
by the jar
where I keep my tea
I do not want
another day
at an office desk
thinking about something mundane
I want to stay
in my dream reality
where the stars never fade
with the light of a new day

***

- 2/25/2025

52.

We are still together
at a specific point
in time are we not
when sonnets fell from the sky
like obsidian comets
we shall know again
how it was then
under those stars
of madness and love
we shall feel it again
the sacredness
of the interstellar light
I shall look
into your eyes again
and see eternity
and see my own madness
the love will appear
before my eyes
as an orchid
the two of us together
living these moments forever
somewhere in time's ocean

***

- 3/5/2025

53.

Some regions of the Earth
are wastelands
full of ancient sonnets
that failed
in their intention
sometimes the heart
is drawn towards
the flower with
the sharpest thorns
some of us
still frequent
these regions of the Earth
where sonnets are scattered
in ruin
because we sympathize
with the atmosphere
we have known
the intention of the sonnets
ourselves at one time
and mostly we feel
it's all a hopeless
effort of futility
we understand
that sonnets will never
disappear from the world

***

- 2/28/2025

54.

Beholding the last fog
of a gilded age
time is never truly
a stationary thing
time moves like
a great big river
flowing down from a mountain
whatever has existed before
whatever will be after
has flowed.... will flow
down the river
as radios and imagination
can be used to
go beyond the textbook
definition
of what reality
truly means
whether from our most
humble igloos
or from our most
extravagant towers
the boundary that
we must go beyond
is one and the same
we must ponder new trajectories
we must build steeples
and totem poles
we must see ourselves
imagine ourselves
a thousand years
in the future
whatever will be
the ocean
the Moon
the Sun
the flowers
the mountain snow
they will all be a part
of our future time
so let us rejoice
and drink wine

***
- 3/1/2025

55.

The muse speaks
the night speaks
infinity speaks
flowing over
riverbeds of pebbles
gardenias touched by sunlight
as the muse speaks
as poems and birdsongs
fill the morning air
as time does not seek
to contain itself
and just as a mirror
can reflect
our momentary expressions
so to can the still water
of a pond
out beyond
the horizon of trees
we shall keep
our eyes open
looking out for
those immaculate stars
that are themselves
light of revelation

***

- 3/1/2025

So do they speak
through the moonlight
upon the ocean breeze
tonight
words..... rhymes
musings
the very beginning
when a sacred light
touched the ancient water
Moon..... giver of songs
songs that drift
upon waves
waves that glow onward
toward the shores
of the enchanted kingdom

***

-3/1/2025

57.

In my messy apartment
I keep stacking books
higher and higher
one day soon
they might collapse
they might collapse on me
trapping me
in my own messy world of books
yet somehow
I cannot seem
to think with clarity
or reason about this
I keep stacking the books
higher and higher
these are my current reads
and the stack
keeps getting higher and higher
and every time
I sit in my reading chair
right next to the stack of books
I know that I'm tempting fate
yet I cannot seem to escape
this inevitable destiny

***

- 3/1/2025

58.

It's really something else
the way things
go to pieces
get scattered
get tossed up into the sky
landing on ice fields
left out in the Moonlight
the world seems
to seek its own
justification for folly
it's really something else
as I'm getting older
I'm realizing more and more
the cycle of things
like big wooden wheels
the size of windmills
nothing around us here
is a forever song
especially when
the big wooden wheels
get to rolling
in the Netherlands
and from there
they keep rolling on
over and over
history going in circles
time spinning like a wheel

***

- 3/2/2025

59.

Taking notice
of my expressions
the cold night winds
the lack of fireflies
an old family radio
playing symphonies
who is taking notice
is anyone taking notice
the lack of fireflies
winter has not
unleashed its grip
as of yet
my expressions sway
like reeds of the marsh
I sleep upon
a clay floor
that I've imagined
I will be going down
to the shore of the sea
very soon
to behold
that horizon that I love
I will be carrying with me
a lantern
that will light the path
the cold winds may howl
yet what can one do
they will never be tamed
until winter unleashes its grip
and the first flowers appear
in this humble
corner of creation

***

- 3/2/2025

Yesterday afternoon
I saw seven hawks
circling in the sky
sometimes in that
same spot
I've seen two
maybe three at most
seven all together
circling around up there
was the most
I've ever seen
at one time
what does this mean
are the hawks going hungry
gathering together
in raiding parties
what does this signify
ill omens in the sky

***

- 3/2/2025

61.

I awaken
just as the sea awakens
both of us
have a vision
that seeks out
the mystical light
of a sunrise
both of us
are very familiar
with that kind of light

***

- 3/3/2025

Here in the land
where the shadows glow bright
here in the land that exist
in the obscurity
that lies between the day
and the night
here in this land
that seems unreal
yet in some ways
more real than any other
here in the forest
of mist shrouded trees
here in the land
where meadows breathe
and whisper enchanting rhymes
here in the land
where the Sun
is never golden
where the Moon is always
in its crescent form
here in the land
where the shadows glow bright
here in the land
that touches not the day
nor the night
here in the land
where you may hear
the singing of birds
or you may not
they choose
who they sing to
and they know
when you approach them
they know when you are near

***

- 3/3/2025

63.

O'shall we see
the tea leaf
floating down
the night's glowing river
glowing with
centuries of wishes
wishful words
spoken to the water
O'shall we hear
cacophony
of the speaking reeds
and tall grass
verses of the owl
also touch the flowing water
the symmetry of creation
here it is
as a symphony
of wisdom and time

***

- 3/3/2025

64.

Each of us
can hear a muse
a muse that can
light the flame
the world tries
to tell us
that this isn't so
there are many
in the world
that peddle an agenda
of division and darkness
those are the ones
who do not
hear a muse
they wouldn't
even know how
to listen anymore
the world goes on spinning
day becomes night
and night returns
to day
and that first sunlight
that touches
the world
is stronger than anything
that we can imagine

***

- 3/4/2025

65.

So shall the light
of another realm
bind us
create bonds of radiance
between us
brighter than stars
so shall the flowers
that we've dreamt of
for all this time
grow again
upon the Earth

***

- 3/4/2025

Let the music
fill you with the moonlight
I've travelled
every which way
and have found
only deserts
in more ways than one
I believe that something
is brewing in the air
storm clouds
Krakatoa
it resembles volcanic ash
I have seen things
I wouldn't have
previously believed
yet there it was
bright as Proxima Centauri
I have seen
an oasis of sunflowers
in a place
where poetry
mingles with the soil
I have seen
the old ending
and the new beginning
I have seen
what it looks like
when miracles
are covered up
by the government
I have seen
such foggy nights
when the streetlights
reminded me
of the old gaslights
of London

***

- 3/5/2025

67.

The long lasting
flowing
like a stream
like a ripple in a pond
the radio signal
out in interstellar
time and space
the possibility
of what we could imagine
and I am here
one morning
in late winter
I'm waiting to see
the fireflies again
I am looking for
astrology to return
with celestial applause
and wonder
I am waiting
for the constellations
to give me the sign
that mythology is boundless

***

- 3/5/2025

68.

We settle into
the hours of night
when the vines grow
a little higher
up these walls
we can feel it
we can sense it
we perceive it
an hour
an hour that is
of the night
the stars reveal themselves
in this hour
Saturn is up there
among them
we do not notice
the flowers
quite as easily as we do
during the hours
of the day
this is not an hour
of flowers
it is an hour of night
an hour of stars
an hour of sonnets
and balconies
in moonlight

***

- 3/5/2025

A Poetry Beacon By the Sea : March 6, 2025

When I am not
wasting away
at my nine to five day job
I am a beacon keeper
I keep a beacon by the sea
a poetry beacon
I send poems out
beyond this world
I signal to all the Cosmos
and all the Astral Realms
that poetry survives
here on planet Earth
that poetry is still going here
and for them
not to write us off just yet
poetry here
is still upon the minds of many
still within the soul of many
this world does not always
recognize its significance
yet it is still going here
it is still being
scribbled down in notebooks
and upon scraps of paper
it is still flowing
from the fountains
of our imaginations
when I am not
at my nine to five day job
I work to keep
my poetry beacon glowing
to send the poetry
out beyond
so that out there
they may know
that poetry on planet Earth
continues on

***

- 3/6/2025

I sometimes wonder
how many there are
left out there
in this world
that are still receiving
the messages from the stars
the years go by
the world changes
sometimes more slowly
sometimes much more quickly
I believe
with technology
expanding out in all directions
like a flood
sometimes the old learning
the older methods
the old way of things
gets lost ..... gets covered over
and hidden
in all the ruckus
of technological change
the world was once
as a swaying willow
in the wind
now it is as
some metallic contraption
of industry
noisy .... soul-dulling
in constant need of oil
and replacement parts
and I know that
the messages from the stars
are still out there
flowing from eternal beings
from eternal minds
there was a time
in this world
where through their perceptions
many in this world
would receive them
and I wonder
every now and again
if this is still occurring
as I know that sometimes
the world changes quickly
some too quickly
in my humble opinion

71.

Awaken me
when the Full Moon
had passed over
there should be enough time
to shake off dream essence
from the mind
awaken me
when eternal oceans
are shrouded in mist
as the first light
appears to the east
this would be
a good time
to shake off
the dream essence
and watch as it drifts
out over the waves
moving towards
another shore

***

- 3/6/2025

Of the Dark Vine :

Here in the nightly hour
of the dark vine
with the Moon
perched crescent
and with an odd symmetry
here in the nightly hour
of the crows dream
here so close by
the flowing stream
of miracle water
now of the soil
of the roots
deep and holding
much wisdom
ancient trees
that surmise a change
in the winds
when sonnets and stars
glow like pearls of night
where candles bright
in a window
summon the night owl
and the mouse stirs
with but little
Byzantine magic
here in the nightly hour
when dream-mist rises
over the meadows
as Orion can be seen
above the sunflowers
in darkness
and the Moon is perched
like a witch's ornament
summoning a vision
in the black mirror

***

- 3/6/2025

Sea Above the Sea : 3/7/2025

We shall rise
from the sea of the sea
from the sea
above the sea
where clouds
touched and glowing
by the dawn's light
pass us by
we shall rise
from the sea of the sea
as immaculate visions
appear before our eyes
in small clearings
in the pine forest
we shall rise
from the sea
above the sea
where cathedrals
of the clouds
are glaring bright
where and when
their music is as light
to the eyes that behold
true revelation
before them

***

- 3/7/2025

Vines of the Truths We Seek : 3/7/2025

Vines of the truth we seek
growing across the land
growing towards where
the beacon stands
that shines such light
out upon the eternal sea
vines of the old ways
and vines of the new
growing ..... spreading
across the land
regarding our eyes
with the sight
of immortal dreams
where the beacon stands
there by the edge
of the sea
the sky is as
an amphitheater of golden light
and the sound
of breaking waves
the vines of the truths we seek
have reached their journey's end
they can expand no further
than the edge of the sea
they grow along the walls
of the ancient beacon that stands
and shines such light
out upon the eternal

***

- 3/7/2025

Moon of the Dove's Song : 3/7/2025

Moon of the dove's song
above in a sky
without wind
a calm sea
a quiet field
tranquility
has descended from paradise
and fallen upon
this small
little corner of the world
where blades of grass
in a field
do not move
and another
and another
completely still
in the absolute silence
of everything
but for the dove's song
the dove's song
of the Moon

***

-3/7/2025

Here I go
out into the falling rain
the keeper of a lighthouse
the sea-mist is rolling in
the passage of time
is obscured
nothing is foreseen
all prophecy has gone dark
shadows carrying lanterns
lanterns glowing
through the sea-mist
in a twist of fate
the lighthouse shines
so as to signal
the mariners
the rain is falling heavy
washing away
the false illusions
that I've carried around
for many years

***

- 3/7/2025

77.

Can we hear them
can we hear them now
the shining phonographs
the ones that hover
float..... drift
in the sky
yes..... I am speaking of those
the shining phonographs
drifting in the sky
and how we
can hear them now
how we can hear them
along the coast of Maine
and beyond
the music itself
is of an antiquated style
yet we are familiar with it
we know it quite well
and we are
well pleased by it
if it had to be
that it was our destiny
to hear
shining phonographs
floating ..... drifting
hovering in the sky
then we are glad
that they are playing
that they are playing
that beloved music
from the Jazz Age
the Gilded Age
we are glad for it
as these hovering phonographs
shine like diamonds
in a clear blue sky

***

- 3/8/2025